1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

535 ×639

11. Then we, having sung,
Go back whence we came.
Watch! It will not be long
Till the earth grows very green.

During the last two repetitions of the song, the dancers arrange themselves side by side and still skipping, they move off the dance ground. When they pass the singers, they break into a run, which they keep up until they reach their own camp.

635 Everyone in the host village gathered to watch the skipping
574 dance, and anyone who wished might leave the crowd and skip by the side of some favored visitor. As a rule, only old women had the boldness to do this. The act was considered an honor to the visitor, and his relatives generally met them as they returned, breathless, and presented some small gift, such as a basket or a headband. Song number eight refers to this practice.

789 The performance was in the nature of an elaborate rain charm,
536 for the benefit of the host village. The name of the village was al-
574 ways mentioned, and the very pronouncing of it in such a connection was a guarantee of blessing. At one of the recent paid performances the number of repetitions of the songs was cut down, lest the White audience be bored. The result was "only a little shower, just over the Hollow Place and nowhere else. If the dance had been properly done, we should all have had rain."

674 For the blessing thus brought to their village, the hosts were
476 prepared to pay. They had held a meeting beforehand and decided on the contribution to be made by each.[1] Such a contribution was considered a public duty, and it also assured special prosperity to him who made it. Moreover, next year, when his village was in turn the challenger, he would receive equal value and, if his host could afford it, even more. The payment was an investment on his own behalf and that of his village. But it was often made in a burlesque form, calculated to add to the general merriment.

574 The hostesses brought cooked food to the dance ground, and sometimes threw it to the dancers during their performance. They might also chase them, as they ran for camp, hurling food at them. The dancers washed off their paint and returned to the plaza, where

[1] Underhill, 1939, pp. 106–10.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

the hostesses served cooked food to all the visitors. One informant had seen a hostess arrive with a huge dish of boiled beans which she offered to the singers. She tried to feed them with her hand; they refused, and she smeared the food on their faces. After this, each householder of the challenged village advanced to one of the visitors and said: "You go to my house for your pay." At the house they were given cooked food, clothes, skins, and baskets. But it might be that the naming songs were to follow the skipping dance. In that case, payment was deferred until the whole performance was over. More often, the two entertainments were alternatives and either one or the other was given.

THE NAMING CEREMONY

The naming ceremony was, like the skipping dance, a charm performed by the visitors to secure good luck to their hosts. It consisted of a series of songs celebrating the name of every important man in the village. Mentioning of names in this manner was akin to the mentioning of animal names in songs to cure sickness. The auspicious circumstances brought good luck to the person mentioned, and, though using names was often undesirable, it was here a success charm.

This entertainment required no effigies and no new songs. Each village had a series of songs, some celebrating a shaman, some a wise man, some a warrior, and into this framework they could fit any name they pleased, by lengthening or shortening the lines. It was the custom so to fit the names of their hosts and to be paid for the compliment.[6]

When naming songs were to be sung, the visitors must hear the names to be used on the night before the ceremony, or even earlier, in order to commit them to memory. While they were camped outside the village of their hosts, in the usual way, they sent a messenger to signify their intention and to ask for the names. The host village held a meeting to select the names, since each man sung for would have to provide a substantial gift. Usually there

[6] Russell, p. 171, describes a naming ceremony for the Pima, although he says nothing about a skipping dance or a ceremony of challenge.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

was a regular system of gift partners who alternately sang for and paid each other. All such men in the host village gave their names, knowing that their partners would do the same for them next year. Now and then a new man would volunteer, either because he had acquired relatives-in-law among the challengers or merely because he hoped to establish friendly relations. Sometimes one who was dissatisfied with the gifts he had been receiving would drop out.

When the names had been decided upon, the hosts sent four of their elders to the camp of the visitors, to act as censors of the songs and to reject any that did not please them. These elders sat in a row beside the singers of the visitors. A selected man from the visitors, whom we may call the prompter, sat in front of the row. It was his business to remember the names as they were presented and to remind the singers the next day. This was a responsible task, since there might be twenty or thirty names and all must be mentioned in order of their importance. The device used was that of a number of sticks, each representing a particular name.

A boy arrived from the host village, bearing the first two sticks, for names were always "sung for" in pairs. He threw one stick down before the prompter, saying: "Sing for So-and-So." The prompter replied: "I have heard, friend!" Then the boy threw down the other stick in the same way and the prompter, fingering the sticks, repeated the two names until he had fixed them in his memory. Meanwhile the singers behind him decided which of their songs would fit the names. They tried over several, and then sang the one selected. The delegates from the host village listened, and if they thought the words inappropriate, they objected. The singers tried over their repertoire, altering to suit the case, until they had a song that was acceptable.

Meanwhile another boy had arrived, with two more sticks, and the same process was gone through. The prompter, who had memorized the names, kept all the sticks and used them as a mnemonic device the next day. The names must appear in a certain order; shamans first, then the keeper of the smoke, then warriors, then elders. The prompter kept the sticks tied together in this order.

When the songs had been decided upon, the singers might practice a whole day before they presented their performance, many

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

of the villagers learning the songs and singing with them. When they were ready, they either presented the skipping dance and then the naming songs, or else the naming songs alone. In either case, the first act was the challenge and the songs to the four directions. Before the naming songs, the whole of the visiting village marched around the plaza, two by two. Then they took their places, at one side of the plaza and a group of boys and girls danced during the naming songs just as they did in the visiting dance.

The first song sung was always "for the fields," since this was in November when the hosts had not left for the "wells," their winter camp. Mentioning the richness of the fields automatically brought the result. After that came songs for the shamans and the other prominent men in turn, always ascribing to them the blessings or the qualities they would like to have. The prompter sat beside the singers, with all the sticks in a row in front of him, and as each pair of names was disposed of, he removed the corresponding sticks.

NAMING SONGS

FOR THE FIELD

12. It is full daylight,
And I sing.
It is full daylight,
And I sing.
Lo, it is Komari'k field!
Very rich it is;
I sing for it.

It is full daylight,
And I sing.
It is full daylight,
And I sing.
Lo, it is Field of the Black Hill [Tucson].
Very rich it is;
I sing for it.(9)

FOR THE SHAMANS

13. [As we march] along
The shamans come forth with us;
The shamans come forth with us.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

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Jose, who shoots [an Apache] bow;
Juan Miguel, who shoots at his scalp basket.
As we walk along,
The shamans come forth with us.(9)

Nothing more daring could be conceived than the two acts mentioned above.

14. Follow it, follow it, follow it!
The white bow of the great shaman
Becomes a snake.
Over our fields it glides.
The blue bow of the lesser shaman
Becomes a snake.
Over our fields it glides.
Follow it, follow it, follow it!(9)

FOR WARRIORS

15. Is it your fame
Which comes forth, loud sounding?
Is it your fame
Which comes forth, loud sounding?
Juan Enos,
Your fame far sounding?
It girds Old Man Mountain [in Apache country]
Like a bandolier.

Navel Hole,
Your fame far sounding,
It girds the Four Peaks [in the Apache country]
Like a bandolier.
Is it your fame
Which comes forth, loud sounding?(9)

16. He is dizzy with it!
He is dizzy with it.
Mad Bull Ears,
With his big shield, is dizzy.

He is drunk with it;
He is drunk with it.
Anton,

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

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574

With his fine club, is drunk;
He is drunk with it,
He is drunk with it.(9)

17. Over there came one
On the flat land.
There sounded stamping,
At Tecalote, Big Coyote,
Having killed an Apache,
Sang.
Upon the flat land
There sounded stamping.
On the mountains
There sounded rattling.
At Wupatahi, Big Catclaw,
Having killed an Apache,
Sang.
Upon the mountains
There sounded rattling.[5]

After each song, the elders of the visiting party appointed some- 651
one to receive the gifts, provided by the men sung for. An enemy 533
slayer went to an enemy slayer; a headbearer to a headbearer. The 574
present given for the fields was received by the very old man of the visiting party. Those designated to receive gifts did not go to get them themselves, but sent their women with carrying baskets. It was a game for women of the host village to chase and pelt the visitors as they went off with their booty, upsetting pots of syrup over their heads and aiming tortillas at their faces. The wives of the hosts sometimes danced and made motions illustrative of their husbands' exploits while the names of the men were being sung.

RACING

When the hosts had made full payment for blessings received, 526
they had a chance to win back their investment by betting on the race. If the preliminaries were over by noon, this might take place the same day. More often it was postponed to the next morning, and the intervening time was occupied in making bets. Wagered

[5] For a Pima naming song similar to this and the previous one see Russell, p. 285.

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

term but either is followed by the suffix — pạṭ (deceased). Most names contain adjectives and nouns in common use, but the relatives do not avoid these words in daily speech. The shaman, who names children from his dreams, would not give the name of a dead person to a new child in the family. 551

A form of tears greeting is practised after there has been a death in a family. When relatives meet, who have not seen each other since the death, they approach weeping and spend some time wailing together. This is now done only by the women, but in the old days men wept too. When a village holds a ceremony to which people will come from a distance, the women of bereaved families stand in front of their houses weeping as visitors approach. Visiting female relatives join them and all wail, using the kin term of the deceased.[1] 765 576 574

[1] Cf. Eskimo, Thalbitzer, pp. 78—89, and Navajo, personal information, Dr. Reichard.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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he sent for the husband. "Do you beat her?" "Yes," said the man. He was a young man. I remember how he looked at the woman, his wife, while he stood there. "Yes, I beat her. But I want her with me. I'm jealous. I beat her because I think she looks at other men." "I don't look at other men," said the woman crying. So her husband said very quickly: "Oh, I want her back. It's all right." "Will you stop beating her?" "Yes, yes." The woman said: "But he has beaten me already. Many times and for nothing. Let him pay me." "How?" "With his body," said the woman. "Let him be beaten as I was beaten." My father thought about that and he said: "All right. How many stripes?" "Fifty." "You want to kill him," said my father. "I'll make it twenty." So the man knelt down and took off his shirt. The chief did not beat wrong doers himself. He had a messenger who was called the Chief's Leg. That Leg was a man who meant much to me later on. He took the rawhide whip to beat the man, but he did not raise too many welts. Men are sorry for each other.

Another time a father came with his daughter. "This girl will not lie with the man to whom I gave her." My father looked at the new husband who had come, too, and he thought he seemed a good man. "Is it true?" my father said to the girl. "Don't you want this man?" "Yes, it's true I'm afraid." "Well, we'll beat you. Then you can decide." So they tied her hands and the girl whimpered: "I'll take him." "Take her by the hand," my father told the husband, "and lead her home. If she misbehaves, come back."

I thought about that girl sometimes and I thought I would have been afraid, too. Then I asked my mother, though I did not tell her how I was feeling. My mother said: "It's right to be afraid of men. All good girls are."

We girls never saw men except our brothers. And our brothers kept away from us now we were almost maidens. They said that sometime we might become maidens suddenly and then if they touched anything that we had touched, it would take away their strength. So the boys did not play with us any more.

But I used to think about boys when I was—let me see, we do not count our ages—thirteen. Sometimes I thought I heard flutes at night. I do not know if it was really boys playing them or if I only dreamed it. But the music drove me wild. The flute is what our boys play when they want a woman to come to them and I wanted to go.

But my father said to me: "Never talk to a man alone. If one comes to the house when there is no one there but you, then offer him food. If he is a relative, say: 'Wait till I cook you something.' Even if he is a stranger, say: 'You had better eat.' But do not talk while you feed him. And if you have nothing in the house tell him quickly so he will go away and not wait, expecting."

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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He put his marriage to me on it. When you see the stick, you will find it there. 159x 173

This husband was one of the clowns who makes the people laugh at our great harvest ceremony. The clowns wear masks, you know, great white bags of deerskin, pulled down over their faces with tiny eyes painted on them and just little holes to see through. They talk in a squeaky voice because we think the clown is a magic person who comes from far in the north and talks a language we do not know. So when we went to the harvest festival and I saw the clown, I never knew it was my own husband. 159x 196

He and I always went to the harvest festivals. He was good to me; he took me everywhere. I have been lucky in my husbands; I never had to stay home.

The festival was always at the Narrow Place where Elder Brother told us to have it in the beginning. We all went there with our teams, starting ten days early. We took with us corn meal and grinding stones and plenty of dried food, so we could entertain all our relatives when they came to our camp. There we cut branches and put up little shelters for ourselves, but we did not need much for it was in the month of Pleasant Cold. [574]

All day long our men went away to practise in the big shelter where the singing was to be. We heard their songs floating over to us, we women, and we were glad. Of course, we did not go near the shelter. Those songs are for men, they are very sacred things. You cannot ask any Indian woman about the harvest festival. That is a thing from which we keep far away.

But we were happy. We cooked all day long, on the little fires outside our shelters. Always some relative was coming to stand there and smile at us: "My elder sister!" "My younger sister!" "My father's younger sister!" "My mother's older sister!"

When one came who had had some one die since we saw her last, we all stood there and cried in the sunshine, to show her how we all felt together. [765]

In the evening, when we were getting supper ready, the clowns would come running to all the camps squeaking in their sacred voices and holding a basket out for food, to feed the men in the Big House. Then we all gave them food, and we were afraid of them, too, because clowns have much power. Once I put tamales in the clown's basket, and there, under the white blanket that was tied around him, I saw a piece of my husband's trousers. "I'm not going to give you anything more," I said. "I know you now." The other women said I must not speak like that. They were afraid. So I kept on giving him food.

At the festival, my husband cured the sick people. Everybody who feels badly sits in a row at that feast and they call to the clown: 159x 196 155

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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X 159 584 We married Two Bits when he was seventeen. Some people came to us and said: "We have a daughter. She was married to a man, but that man went away to the White school, and when he came back he did not take her." "She is older than your son," they said, "but she is industrious. She may be some help to him." We said: "It is true she is older, but we have seen her work. She may be a help."

X 159 585 So we told our son and he said nothing. Her mother brought us that girl, and ever since she has stayed with us and behaved herself like a woman. Some wives are like this; when their husbands are away, they run out to visit. She never does. She is always home working. Many children she and my son had, so that I have grandchildren and great-grandchildren. They live still in that flat place at Standing Rock, and when I go there, they have cactus seed for me to eat.

X 159 ● 574 787 I went there last year before the husband of my granddaughter died. That man was sick and I could do nothing for him. I sat in their house making baskets, and a little blackbird came and drank out of the water I use to wet the fibres. I told one of my grandchildren to chase the bird away, and it went into the corner of the room. That night the bird came to me. It said: "Why did you chase me from your water? Don't you know I will need it?" I knew that man would die. So that day he did. The next night he came again, with black feathers and a cow tail. "See," he said, "how pitiful I look." I knew the devil took him.

X 159 756 My second son was a medicine man. Ah, that one would have been great! When he was small, he acted strange; his heart was feeling something coming. He would run out in the night, and his father would run after him and find him lying face down in the greasewood. Maybe something had come after him and taken him away.

Once, when a rattlesnake bit me, he cured me. I was picking beans among the weeds in our garden and, along with a handful of beans, I grabbed the snake. I had hold of him near the head but he turned his head back and bit my wrist. My son killed the snake. Then he chewed some greasewood leaves and put them on the little hole where it had bit me. He made a mark with a buzzard's feather all around my wrist and told the poison not to go beyond that mark. Then he split the feather and tied the two pieces into a string. He bound that string around my wrist, tight, and the poison never went beyond it. Two nights it hurt me and my hand swelled, but not beyond where my son had made the mark.

He used to bring birds home to the house and keep them; he could speak with birds. Once he kept a hawk in our house and killed jackrabbits for it. Once I saw him coming home in the evening after he had been after the

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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tions are now changing from social to legal, but in the more conservative western sections few, if any, family disputes are taken to court.

Not all activities among relatives are dictated by such sober considerations as economic necessity and family pride. The Papago are fond of visiting, and relatives are always welcome. The visitor is given a small gift of food to symbolize the host's happiness at his visit and the affection he bears him. In the old days it was inconceivable for one to visit an unrelated household. Today the men are freer to visit whomever they please, but if a women ventures to visit an unrelated friend, someone is likely to remark, "Why should she go down there? Hasn't she anything to do at home [i.e., in her own family]?" Now that children are forming close friendships outside the family, at school and later on jobs, this insularity is beginning to break down. Still—though some relatives are more compatible than others—hospitality is offered principally to the extended family.

Among the Catholic Papago the family group has been widened to include persons not necessarily related by blood—godparents. According to both Sonora and Roman Catholic teaching, a child must be sponsored in baptism by a godfather and a godmother. This requirement the Papago integrated with characteristic ease into their own social structure, and godparents are now part of the extended family. They pray at the child's bedside if he is critically ill, and, if he dies, they may prepare the body for burial. Not only are they responsible for seeing that the child has proper religious training; they also serve as secondary parents. If the child should be orphaned and no relatives can care for him, the godparents will take charge of him.

A warm and close relationship is established not only between the child and his godparents but also between the two families. Parents and godparents call each other *compahli* and *comahli*, from the Spanish *compadre* ("co-father") and *comadre* ("co-mother"). One pair of godparents serves for all the children of a family. If the godparents are man and wife, they will ask the parents of their godchildren to serve as sponsors for their own children. Children of both pairs call each other by the kin terms for older and younger siblings. The rights and obligations of relatives are extended to godparents and their children, but these extensions are not so vital a part of the family system as among the Arizona Yaqui, who have a similar arrangement.[10]

Today there is no wider kin group among the Papago than the extended

10. See Edward H. Spicer, *Pascua: A Yaqui Village in Arizona*, pp. 91–116. The extended family was almost nonexistent among the Yaqui in Arizona as a result of war, deportation, and emigration, and thus the ceremonial sponsors took the place of the extended family. With the Papago, among whom the extended family is strong, the ceremonial sponsorship is only an added security, and therefore is not the elaboration of the family system that it is among the Yaqui.

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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602 854 women will have more supervision over him, particularly if the mother has another child. The men are friendly with the little child but never intimate.

From the beginning the child is strongly aware that these people are relatives. He is taught to use the proper kinship terms and slowly comes to see the lines of authority in the household.

854 851 The Papago baby's contacts with other children begin early if he is not the first child in the household. Small children are occasionally called on to watch the baby or swing him in his cradle. Otherwise youngsters ignore him, but now and then they evince a lively interest in him for a few minutes. They want to handle him and perhaps even to tease him, evidently out of curiosity to see what the baby will do rather than out of malice. The older boys of the household have almost nothing to do with the baby.

When a child begins to walk, he is likely to be intrusted to a play group of children from three to eight years of age, who will see that he does not wander away or hurt himself. The group will probably be of girls, as boys range too far from the house to watch over the baby.

Because the children in the play group to which the toddler is attached are older, they are in a position to exercise authority over the baby, and, thoroughly aware of this, they may try to dictate to the smaller one. If they can persuade him, it is legitimate for them to do so, but, if the baby does not wish to comply, he has only to raise his voice in protest; an adult will intervene at once to remind the children that the baby must be pleased.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSEHOLD

854 574 Within a few weeks or even days of his birth, a Papago child will see most of the people of his village, the majority of whom are probably related to him. Interhousehold visiting is not typical of the Papago, but in the course of cooperative work, of gift exchange, and of transmitting news families have rather frequent contacts. The child will also come in contact with the medicine man at birth and curing rites and with people from other villages at fiestas.

755 854 The relationship of the child with the medicine men and singers is not unpleasant. The birth ceremony previously described is simple and contains nothing frightening. The child will probably meet the medicine man next when he or some member of the family is ill. The sick child has nothing to fear from the medicine man, for the shaman never hurts a baby. He may rub or pat his body and suck at his flesh; he will surely blow smoke over him; he may sing and wave eagle feathers over him. Always he urges the little one to sleep and rest. If curing singers are called in, they speak kindly to the sick child and tell him they hope their songs will make him well. The songs prob-

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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THE CHILD FROM FIVE TO TEN

THE CHILD AND THE CHURCH

The Papago child of five to ten participates in church services chiefly as a listener. Among both Sonora and Roman Catholics, small children carry candles and *santos* in the religious processions which precede the dancing at fiestas, but this requires no special training.

Sonora Catholic children accompany the older women of the household to the church when they go once a week to burn candles, sing, and pray, but the youngsters play outside the church most of the time and come in only occasionally to listen or to sleep. Little girls try to sing the Spanish hymns, and frequently they have learned a few by the time they are ten years old. The boys come to the church less often as they grow older, and they seldom learn hymns.

Roman Catholic children in the western districts see a priest only once or twice a year, when he comes to say Mass and to proselytize. Since the missionary wishes to establish good relations in order to facilitate his work, he is friendly and informal with both children and adults; he may even help the family harvest a crop or do some other farm work. Between his visits, the Roman Catholics of Hickiwan District conduct their own services in the same manner as their Sonora Catholic neighbors, and the children have the same unimportant roles.

In the eastern districts, where there are Roman Catholic churches and priests to conduct services regularly, children go to Mass with their parents. When they are about nine or ten, they begin going to confession. A few youngsters serve as altar boys and spend a good deal of time in services or instruction. Priests maintain a rather formal relationship with their parishioners, and children seldom are on familiar terms with them; the sisters teaching in the mission schools are also rather distant in their attitude toward the children.

Children of Presbyterian families go with the adults to church. Although taking no part in the service, they sit quietly and appear attentive to the preacher. They like to go with their families to the annual camp meeting at Sells, where they can be with other children and enjoy the music and emotional fervor of the revival.

THE CHILD'S HORIZON WIDENS

When the child is between five and ten, his horizon widens greatly. If he goes to school, he meets children from other villages, and at the fiestas he sees relatives of all ages who live in near-by communities. Since the western villages are smaller and fewer and fiestas draw crowds from greater distances than in the East, the western child comes to know (if only by sight) nearly

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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857 574 609 every person in six or eight villages by the time he is ten. Intervillage visiting is not quite so commonplace in the East. Hence, although every Baboquivari child has relatives in nearly every village in the district, he may see some of them rarely or not at all. In both East and West a family with a car will occasionally visit villages a long way from their own.

857 609 During this age period the child probably has his first meaningful contacts with white people. Children in western Hickiwan meet the white tradeswoman when they are still very young; since she speaks Papago and hands out treats to the children, they enjoy visits to her store.

Government employees other than teachers, doctors, and nurses are seldom seen by children of this age in the western districts. Because the villages are so remote and for years many westerners showed great antipathy to government policies, Agency representatives went to Hickiwan and Gu Vo very rarely. In recent years the situation has been changing, but official visits are still few. To western children the coming of the white men from Sells is a novel and exciting event, but youngsters who formerly fled indoors to peer out at the visitors with awe and some fear now slip outside the house to stare with avid curiosity.

On the other hand, in Baboquivari and Sells districts, Agency cars and trucks are an inevitable part of the landscape, children see government employees almost every day, and tribal council debates and court proceedings are common gossip. All the children have been in the town of Sells many times and have some understanding of the Agency as the center of Reservation activities. The visit of an official to an eastern home is almost as exciting as it is in Hickiwan or Gu Vo, but it causes much less apprehension.

The white people whom Papago children meet on the Reservation are almost all adults. In Sells the children of white government employees go to the public school, which is part of the Arizona county school system, and they do not play much with Indian children. However, Papago children are friendly to the white child they meet on their own ground. At Hickiwan Village in 1942–43 the teacher's eight-year-old son attended the Indian day school. He was easily accepted into the play group of lads his own age, and some who lived near by often came to see him after school. The two-year-old son of a field worker for this study lived with an Indian family, spent most of his play time with Papago children, and spoke more of their language than his own.

When the Papago child goes off the Reservation with his family to work, he meets people of other races and nationalities.[9] His contacts with them are casual and largely impersonal, but they leave a lasting impression. If his family goes to the Salt River Valley cotton fields or truck farms, he associates with

9. The relations of adult Papago to other ethnic groups are discussed in chap. vii.

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

It has been the good fortune of the Papagoes to live in a country which the white man as yet has not found it profitable to exploit by cattle raising or, still less, by dry farming. Therefore, they have so far been left alone in their native country, and besides they have even come into possession of a few wells which the Americans dug in their efforts to redeem the land. These natives are thus better situated than most of the tribes of North America.

The Papagoes are above medium height, rather dark in color, and of splendid physique. The women are inclined to be stout. They are a peaceful but at the same time courageous people and show much intelligence. They are hospitable, as becomes a desert people, and if food is being prepared in the house when a stranger comes, some of it is offered to him, be he Indian, Mexican, or American.

In the central part of the Papagueria, especially in the large valley of Santa Rosa and the adjacent Quijotoa and Comobabi ranges, they live happy days without much interference from the whites. Some of the summer rancherias astonished me by their extent of land fenced by wooden piles and poles, but in outlying districts many are forced to seek work from the whites, by whom they are much valued as laborers in the making of railroads, irrigation ditches, and in mining. The part of the tribe that lives in Sonora is much more disrupted; they have lost most of their lands and are largely servants of the Mexicans, doing efficient work as *vaqueros* (cowboys), miners, etc. The Papagoes also know how to "dry wash" gold at the placer mines, many of which

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
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CHAPTER V

COMOBABI—AN ATTRACTIVE INDIAN FAMILY—MARIANITA—A HORNED LIZARD THAT SPURTS BLOOD THROUGH THE EYE—AN ABORIGINAL WAY OF RECORDING EVENTS—THE PAPAGO CALENDAR—HARVESTING SAHUARO—HOW TO KEEP COMFORTABLE IN GREAT HEAT—A VISIT TO CHIEF ALVINA

Our next halting place was made at the rancheria of 361
Comobabi, comprising a somewhat extensive area on a beautiful slope at the foot of the mountains. Most of the houses here, too, were temporarily abandoned on account of the sahuaro harvest. Early in the afternoon 574
we drove up to a house which impressed us as being the most hospitable looking; the family were just seating themselves on the ground outside, to eat tortillas and [262]
beans, the husband standing near by with his horse saddled. They received us as if we had always known them, although Pablo had not met them before. We were invited to share their food, and, as soon as they were made to understand that I wanted to buy all sorts of Indian things, they cheerfully produced whatever they had. I purchased two bags full of certain eatable seeds, which I had much desired to procure, also a meal basket made by the thirteen-year-old daughter, who had the sweet-sounding name of Marianita, although neither [551]
Spanish nor English was among the family accomplishments.

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family had arrived, so we continued our journey toward the southern end of the Quijotoa Range.

In the evening mosquitoes and other insects gathered around the lantern and small brown beetles crawled inside of my trousers or through my hair, reminding me of tropical climates. Next morning, before starting, I had a refreshing bath in a small water-hole, while a butcher-bird (*lanius*) in a near-by bush sang with all his might, apparently enjoying the changed conditions as much as myself. This bird was often seen in the desert, often far from water. Although the thermometer registered as high as 92° F. in the warmest part of the day, still the atmosphere, refreshed by the storms, felt remarkably cool, and the weather was cloudy.

The southern part of the somewhat extensive Quijotoa Range, separated from the rest, is called by the Papago, Kihotóak (*kíbo*, burden basket; *tóak*, mountain), said to be derived from its shape. The Spanish name of the whole range is a corruption of this native name. I was glad to find Chief Alvina in his camp, which was in close proximity to great forests of sahuaro on the slopes along the eastern base of the mountains. He brought me as a welcome some pitahaya fruit which tasted remarkably well. All the rest of the fruit gatherers had already left, for the sahuaro season was over, though there were still to be found pitahayas, the other savory cactus fruit of the region. There was no pasture; our horses fed on rolled oats, besides relishing the leaves of the palo fierro (iron-wood) tree.

The chief was perfectly willing to be interviewed for

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looking man and apparently younger than herself. He took the howling nuisance gently and walked resolutely off into the hot sun. I wondered what was going to happen. He went straight to the well, gave the fretful youngster a bath, and returned in a few minutes with his purpose accomplished.

It may be of interest to note the manner in which the daughter of the American family at Horseshoe, who when twelve or thirteen years old was in poor health, grew to be strong and well. Being brought up with the Indians, whose language she speaks, she taught herself the accomplishment of every Indian girl, to carry a water-jar on her head. This made her healthy, and now she weighs one hundred and fifty pounds.

To the north of here, only about six miles, travelling by the track, is an important rancheria, Tjiuvak ("Where Something Decayed"), lying among low hills in the Quijotoa Range, where a road passes from east to west. I was desirous of seeing the best-known basket-maker who lives here, but she, like the rest, had just left for the summer ranch. The place looked much like a village, but was temporarily abandoned on account of the season, so we continued our journey northward by an excellent road that had been furnished mainly by nature. It was a slightly downhill drive, the country now almost imperceptibly sloping toward the Gila River.

We arrived late at a summer rancheria with the somewhat disconcerting native name, "Dead Old Man's Well." Here we expected to find the people of the win-

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ter habitations we had just left behind. The night was pitch-dark with overhanging nimbus clouds, and thunder, more or less distant, was heard all around us. The air felt sultry and quite a strong wind had begun to blow, as if warning us of an advancing storm. Big fires were burning outside of the houses, which looked hospitable enough. But this was a night which one would not exactly like to pass out-of-doors, so I asked Pablo to hurry in and see if he could not secure a house in which we might have sleeping quarters. As good luck would have it, a friend of ours whose acquaintance we had made at the feast of Noria was here. He had come from the Comobabi Mountains to cultivate the fields with the rest, and he helped us to obtain lodgings for the night. A small storehouse was placed at our disposal, and as we drove up in the wagon some girls were busily carrying things out in order to give us more space inside.

It was a tiny shed, built of upright mezquite poles calked and plastered inside and outside with mud. The roof, which was made of sahuaro ribs and greasewood branches, with a cover of earth on top, was water-proof, all care having been taken to make it secure against the rain, for here the provisions of the family, their household goods, clothes, and other earthly possessions were stored. Air had access only through the door-opening, which was exactly one and a half feet wide. Owing to an all-day's summer sun the storehouse was extremely hot, and as I entered my lodging the temperature was so oppressive that it was almost stifling; still, as the wind was blowing with increased force and lightning at more

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only more shallow. On the rocks were pictographs of the same kind and design as may be seen elsewhere in the district, as, for instance, near Caborca. Turkey vultures have a breeding place on the top; according to my guide, who has seen the young here, these birds make no nests.

Inside of the houses of the Indians in these parts, I often noticed skins of the peccary, called in Mexico *javalin*, the meat of which is much relished by the Papagoes; also skins of the mountain-sheep, deer, and lynx were seen. The Papagoes are exceedingly fond of meat. One day at La Nariz a young steer was killed. Generous parts of the carcass were distributed to those who had helped to butcher it, and everybody in the afternoon, including ourselves, was invited to come and "eat meat." The meat was broiled on coals, each person preparing his portion for himself, and this feasting was kept up until eleven o'clock that night. The participants actually arose earlier than usual, long before sunrise, to broil more meat and continue the banquet. Nothing else was consumed, not even tortillas, and in the afternoon very little of the beast was left.

At the so-called Temporales, where Mexicans from Sonoita and Quitovac practise dry farming, besides the usual forms of Indian corn, a kind of maize that matures in about two months is cultivated. It is called *maiz de los Yumas*, is white in color, and the ears are small. I saw some that had been planted in the beginning of August and which was ripe by the middle of October. The rains rarely fall here before August. Frost usually appears the 1st or 2d of November. This year it came on November

464 The movement of the Desert People to permanent
38 homes in labor camps on European owned farms, aban-
166 doning their roots on the tribal lands is a relative-
178 ly new development. While Papagos have worked for
179 Europeans for almost the entire period of contact,
[221] their work has always been brief in duration, a supplemental measure followed by a withdrawal to the homeland. Forsaking overcrowded tribal lands for good seems to have begun only within the last decade, and to have reached significant proportions only in the last 5 years. (Some Papagos have worked for many years as domestics or miners away from the reserves) This late beginning for a class of Papagos severed from their homeland is due to the peaceful nature of contacts between Papagos and Americans and to lack of opportunity for wide-scale farm employment until recent years. The Papago economic base was never [127] destroyed by warfare with the incoming whites as in [248] the case of the Navahos and many other tribes. Over- [161] population on deteriorating reserves did not reach a critical point until about the same time extensive development of irrigated agricultural lands in nearby valleys began, offering a safety valve to those Papagos able to speak acceptable English and perform semi-skilled farm work.

464 This class of Papago farm laborers is very new
166 compared to natives living on South African farms.
171 Most of them have grown up on European farms, without any stake in native reserve areas. Some are descended from natives forced into farm labor by destruction of their cattle in wars nearly a century ago.[1]

The ties native South African farm workers retain with natives living in the reserves naturally depend on the time they have spent on the farms. Some entirely lack relatives or friends on reserves, and have [602] never visited the reserves.[2] A very few Papago year- [592] round farm laborers no longer have relatives on the reservations. But they all still have friends on the [574] trust lands. They all were born on the reserves. They all still visit their old homes, even if only [186] rarely. They are all very conscious that they are Desert People, and are only beginning to view themselves as people apart.

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[1] Hunter, 1937, p. 389.
[2] Ibid., p. 390.

124 596 594 [1078] The change in attitude toward the family is indicated by the thought habits of harvest workers as shown by their answers to inquiries as to whether the entire family was in the labor camp. Well over half replied that all their family was in the camp, although further questioning developed that actually relatives counted part of the traditional extended family remained on the reservations. These laborers were thinking in terms of the biological family rather than the traditional extended family group.[1]

221 464 602 594 Papago harvest hands are not as socially and economically independent of the relatives they leave behind on the reserves as one might think. Strong cultural ties bind them to their relatives. The farm laborers know they will return home for most of the year--the harvest season is only an interlude. Even during picking season, Papago laborers return to the reserves on religious occasions, and meet their relatives who cannot leave the reserves to earn cash. On the other side of the picture, the stay-at-home relatives care for the property and animals of the wage laborers while they work.

464 561 221 602 [855] Most frequently it is the older generation which has less knowledge of English and Anglo working habits that stays on the reserves. Among workers who recognize that part of their family stayed on the reserves, about 60% left parents.[2] One pattern of behavior for laboring Desert People is to leave school children with their grandparents on the reserves so their schooling will not be interrupted by the move to the cotton farms and back. Perhaps a sixth do so.[3] Another pattern is for siblings to stay home to care for property left on the reserves. Again, about a sixth of the cotton pickers relied on such a relative in 1950.

596 464 221 About one family of 10 is either so large or so poor that all members of the extended family leave the reserves to work, but go to different camps.[4]

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[1] 60% of those asked said the whole family was in camp (21 of 35 families giving information).
[2] of 19 families giving information, 12 had parents on the reservations--63.2%
[3] of the 19 families, 3 left children with their grandparents--15.8%.
[4] This was true of 2 of the 19 families giving data, 10.5%.

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571 Purely social reasons are behind the journeys of many of the Desert People to labor camps. "I came just because the others from my village did," is one typical reason. Probably most such individuals have the same economic compulsions as the others, but come to work because it is the thing to do. Others economically more secure with larger fields or herds than most may come for that reason only: to be with the group.

574 Then there are frequent casual visitors to labor camps. Relatives come for a while just to visit, perhaps because they have married into another village.

461 It must be remembered that the concept of the economic man is seldom true in life. While the Desert People come very close to that concept on the whole in their incentives for working for wages, they are still human beings with many uneconomic thoughts and desires which they carry out without regard to dollars and cents. Actually, these basic economic reasons for Papagos laboring are not uppermost in Papago consciousness when cash is in demand. What they think of is the immediate occasion when money is needed.

788 the surrounding countryside are beginning to make the pilgrimmage there. The church was built by the Indians to house the statue which is believed by them to have appeared miraculously in the village only a few years ago. Chuwhiy Guwsk (the name means Jackrabbit Falls Down) is growing in importance as a goal for Papago pilgrims. In 1950 it attracted about a fifth of those making a pilgrimmage from labor camps, probably more than 500 people.[1] Reached by desert trails, the town is not serviced by a bus. Pilgrims reached it on trucks or in cars, or in wagons or on horseback. Most Desert People who traveled to one of the fiestas by wagon in 1950 visited Chuwhiy Guwsk. The town itself has no permanent water supply aside from its charco, and affords no power supply for bright lights. Portable generators were used in 1950 to light the few temporary bars and restaurants. The merchandise stuffed booths of Magdalena were absent, and the cost of a pilgrimmage was much lower.

461 A good many Papagos worked a trip to their homes
27 on the reserves into their pilgrimmage before they went
788 back to picking cotton. Their disregard of what most
Anglos consider unbreakable rules for good working be-
havior baffles and irritates their employers. Pilgrims
[574] from Pima county labor camps lost an average of 5½
[466] days from work, in effect a work week, varying from[2]
those gone a single day to families absent 3 weeks.
In Pinal county, which is even more distant from the
pilgrimmage towns, Papagos lost more time from work.
Families stayed from 2 days to a month, averaging 9
days away from their picking jobs.[3] This amount of
time taken from cotton harvesting just before the peak
of the season is reached is frequently incomprehensible
to Anglo Protestant cotton growers, and is a black mark
against Papago Catholic employees in their eyes.

484 It seems quite likely that most Papago families
788 making a pilgrimmage from a labor camp to Magdalena,
511 Chuwhiy Guwsk or San Xavier in 1950 spent most or all
that they had earned picking cotton up to that time
[435] on their pilgrimmage trip. The average sized family
working in the cotton harvest needed $90 for transportation, food and lodging in Magdalena for the usual
3-day sojourn, and the added cost of drinking beer and

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[1] 5 of 23 individuals whose goal was obtained, 22%.
[2] Based on information from 8 farmers hiring Papagos.
[3] Based on 20 farms where information was obtained.

484 mescal and perhaps paying a small fine to get out of
788 jail next morning, buying presents for folks back home
511 and children, purchasing a new pair of boots or a coat
435 and donating to the Saint and buying ribbons and relics to take home all added up. Probably most of the families going to Magdalena spent around $125.

788 While Chuwhiy Guwsk was not so expensive, and San
435 Xavier considerably less in cost, the nearly 800
511 Papago families making pilgrimmages from labor camps
(196) spent at least $50,000 on the one religious celebration on St. Francis of Assisi's day, and more than likely spent about $75,000. It is hardly surprising that Magdalena merchants are glad to see Papagos.

461 Acquiring this amount of cash to spend is undoubt-
511 edly a very strong motive behind Papago cotton field labor. Growers impatient with their Indians for taking off work at this time must realize that this fiesta is one main reason the Desert People work at all!

166 Most Papago families picking cotton in 1956 made
484 at least one trip home to the reserves. In fact, over
184 four-fifths of them returned home at least once.
●514 Some made frequent trips to care for livestock or poultry, or just to have a good time at fiestas, and many made two trips, which was about average.

484 About 7 trips of every 10 were made at All Souls
796 Day, the next important religious event after the
769 fiesta of St. Francis, and the next most important
(988) in number of Indian participants.[3] However, there are no centers for the observance of this day of memorial. Families scatter to their home towns where they visit graveyards to leave flowers and candles and pray for the dead.

484 The last of the trio of religious festivals falls
796 on Dec. 3, the day of St. Francis Xavier. (Actually
(796) the Desert People do not clearly distinguish between Saints Francis of Assisi and Xavier. The big fiesta on Oct. 4 was probably held originally Dec. 3, the day of Jesuit St. Francis Xavier, but was shifted by later

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[2] 23 families of 24 giving data returned, 82%.
23 families made 30 plus trips (some interviews being early in the season didn't include all trips). 6 Pima and 4 Pinal county farmers said their Papago hands averaged just over 2 trips home per family during picking season, much to their employers' annoyance.
[3] 14 of 20 trips of known purpose were at All Souls, 70%.

Franciscan missionaries to the earlier date of their own St. Francis of Assisi). The fine old mission church at San Xavier del Bac is the goal of Papago pilgrims at that time. In 1950 about 15% of the Desert People picking cotton who left their jobs made the journey to San Xavier.[1]

One secular event in the fall competes with religious celebrations for the interest of the Desert People. This is their tribal rodeo staged at Sells. About 1 of 10 Papago cotton pickers attended one of the two-day 1950 performances.[2] Wage laborers were augmented by great numbers of stay-at-homes, who filled the 2,500-seat capacity stands both days with help of a few hundred Anglo visitors from Tucson and other southern Arizona towns.

A few laborers return to the reserves for other reasons—some women go home to their mothers when they are due to parturate, although most seem to bear their babies in labor camps without medical aid. Sometimes a quick trip home is necessary to look after animals or other property. But generally when the Desert People go to labor camps, they go to work steadily through the season. They leave only for—to them—pressing reasons.

Most farmers hiring Indians realize that religious celebrations are very pressing reasons. Obligations the Desert People feel they must fulfill at these times rise above considerations of steady work. The vow to St. Francis comes before some farmer's cotton, or the Papago's own job, and he will go to one of those three churches regardless of other duties. Farmers who realize the importance to the Papagos of their religion are much happier men at fiesta time than those who regard a job as the most important thing in the world.

However, many farmers do not understand the religious beliefs of their Papago employees sufficiently to make allowances when Indians ignore prevalent Anglo work standards. And cotton growers resent the inconvenience involved in transporting Papagos. A Marana farmer remarked "One reason I never fool with Papagos is you have to take them to Sells 3 or 4 times a year." Another who hired Papagos griped that "Indians are more

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[1] 3 of 28 trips of known purpose were to San Xavier.
[2] 2 of 20 trips of known purpose were to the rodeo.